

Pam 58

A

L I B E L 3

O N

Dr. *Dela*—NY,

And a certain Great LORD.

By Dr. SW—T.

Occasion'd by a certain EPISTLE.

To which is added,

- I. An Epistle to his Excellency *John* Lord *Carteret*, by Dr. *D—ny*.
 - II. An Epistle on an Epistle; or a *Christmas-Box* for Dr. *D—ny*.
 - III. Dr. *Sw—t's* Propofal for preventing the Children of poor People being a Burthen to their Parents or Country, and for making them beneficial to the Public.
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Dr.



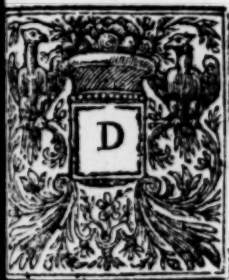
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T O

Dr. D——NY, occasion'd by
an EPISTLE to ——



Eluded Mortals, whom the *Great*
Chuse for Companions *tete a tete*,
Who at their Dinners *en famille*
Get Leave to sit whene'er you
will;

Then, boasting tell us where you din'd,

And, how his *Lordship* was so kind;

How many pleasant Things he spoke,

And how you *laugh'd* at every *Joke*;

Swear, he's a most facetious Man,

That you and he are *Cup* and *Cann* :

You travel with a heavy Load,

And quite mistake *Preferment's* Road,

Suppose my *Lord* and you alone;
 Hint the least Int'rest of your own,
 His Visage drops, he knits his Brow,
 He cannot talk of *Bus'ness* now :
 Or, mention but a vacant *Post*,
 He'll turn it off with, *Name your Toast*.
 Nor could the nicest Artift paint
 A Countenance with more Constraint.

For, as their Appetites to quench,
 Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench;
 So, Men of Wit are but a kind
 Of Pandars to a vicious Mind,
 Who proper Objects must provide
 To gratify their Lust of Pride,
 When weary'd with Intrigues of State,
 They find an idle Hour to prate.
 Then, should you dare to ask a *Place*,
 You forfeit all your *Patron's* Grace,
 And disappoint the sole Design
 For which he summon'd you to *dine*.

Thus, *Congreve* spent, in writing Plays,
 And one poor Office, half his Days;
 While *Montague*, who claim'd the Station
 To be *Mecenas* of the Nation,
 For *Poets* open Table kept,
 But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
 Himself, as rich as fifty *Jews*,
 Was easy, tho' they wanted Shoes;
 And crazy *Congreve* scarce cou'd spare
 A *Shilling* to discharge his Chair,
 Till Prudence taught him to appeal
 From *Pæan's* Fire to *Party* Zeal;
 Not owing to his happy Vein
 The Fortunes of his latter Scene,
 Took proper *Principles* to thrive;
 And so might ev'ry *Dunce* alive.

Thus *Steele*, who own'd what others writ,
 And flourish'd by imputed Wit,
 From Perils of a hundred Jayls,
 Withdrew to starve, and dye in *Wales*.

Thus

Thus *Gay*, the *Hare* with many Friends,
 Twice sev'n long Years the *Court* attends,
 Who, under Tales conveying Truth,
 To Virtue form'd a *Princely* Youth;
 Who pay'd his Courtship with the Crowd,
 As far as *modest Pride* allow'd;
 Rejects a servile *Usber's* Place,
 And leaves *St. James's* in Disgrace.

Thus *Addison*, by Lords caress'd,
 Was left in foreign Lands distress'd,
 Forgot at home, became for Hire
 A trav'ling Tutor to a *Squire*;
 But, wisely left the *Muses* Hill,
 To Bus'ness shap'd the *Poet's* Quill,
 Let all his barren Lawrels fade,
 Took up himself the *Courtier's* Trade,
 And, grown a *Minister of State*,
 Saw Poets at his Levee wait.

Hail ! happy *Pope*, whose gen'rous Mind,
 Detesting all the Statesman kind,

Contemning *Courts*, at *Courts* unseen,
 Refus'd the Visits of a Q—;
 A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
 By *Sages*, *Priests*, or *Poets* taught;
 Whose filial Piety excels
 Whatever *Grecian* Story tells;
 A Genius for all Stations fit,
 Whose *meanest Talent* is his *Wit* :
 His Heart too great, though Fortune little,
 To lick a *Rascal Statesman's* Spittle;
 Appealing to the Nation's Taste,
 Above the Reach of Want is plac'd :
 By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
 Which *Homer* never cou'd alive :
 And sits aloft on *Pindus' Head*,
 Despising *Slaves* that *cringe* for Bread.

True *Politicians* only pay
 For solid Work, but not for Play;
 Nor never chuse to work with Tools
 Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.

Con-

Consider how much more is due
 To all their *Journey-men*, than you.
 At Table you can *Horace* quote;
 They at a Pinch can bribe a Vote:
 You shew your Skill in *Grecian* Story,
 But, they can manage *Whig* and *Tory*:
 You, as a *Critick*, are so curious
 To find a Verse in *Virgil* spurious;
 But, they can *snoak* the deep Designs
 When *B* ——— *ke* with *P* ——— *y* dines.

Besides; your Patron may upbraid ye,
 That you have got a Place already;
 An Office for your Talents fit,
 To flatter, carve, and shew your Wit;
 To snuff the Lights, and stir the Fire,
 And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.
 What Claim have you to *Place* or *Pension*?
 He overpays in Condescension.

But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
 Cou'd never condescend so low;

The *Vice-Roy*, whom you now attend,
 Wou'd, if he durst, be more your Friend;
 Nor will in you those Gifts despise,
 By which himself was taught to rise:
 When he has Virtue to retire,
 He'll grieve he did not raise you high'r,
 And place you in a better Station,
 Altho' it might have pleas'd the Nation.

This may be true——submitting still
 To *W*——'s more than *R*—— Will.
 And, what Condition can be worse?
 He comes to *drain a Beggar's Purse*?
 He comes to tye our Chains on faster,
 And shew us, *E*—— is our Master:
 Caressing Knaves, and Dunces wooing,
 To make them work their own undoing.
 What has he else to bait his Traps,
 Or bring his *Vermin* in, but *Scraps*?
 The Offals of a *Church* distress'd,
 A hungry *Vicarage* at best;

T

B

Or,

Or, some remote inferior *Post*,
With *forty Pounds* Year at most.

But, here again you interpose:
Your Fav'rite-*Lord* is none of those,
Who owe their Virtues to their Stations,
And Characters to Dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *Learning* none will call in Doubt;
His *Learning*, tho' a *Poet* said it
Before a Play, wou'd lose no Credit:
Nor *Pope* wou'd dare deny him Wit,
Altho' to praise it *Philips* writ.
I own, he hates an Action base,
His *Virtues* battling with his *Place*;
Nor wants a nice discerning Spirit,
Betwixt a true and spurious Merit;
Can sometimes drop a *Voter's* Claim,
And give up Party to his Fame.
I do the most that *Friendship* can;
I hate the *Vice-Roy*, love the Man.

But

[II]

But, You, who till your Fortune's made,
Must be a Sweet'ner by your Trade,
Shou'd swear he never meant us ill;
We suffer sore against his Will:
That, if we could but see his Heart,
He wou'd have chose a milder Part;
We rather should lament his Case
Who must obey, or lose his *Place*.

Since this Reflection slip't your Pen,
Insert it when you write agen:
And, to illustrate it, produce
This *Simile* for his Excuse.

" So, to destroy a guilty Land,
" An *Angel* sent by *Heav'n's* Command,
" While he obeys *Almighty* Will,
" Perhaps, may feel *Compassion* still,
" And wish the Task had been assign'd
" To *Spirits* of less gentle kind.

But I, in *Politicks* grown old,
Whose Thoughts are of a diff'rent Mold,

Who, from my Soul, sincerely hate
 Both—and *Ministers of State*,
 Who look on *Courts* with stricter Eyes,
 To see the Seeds of *Vice* arise,
 Can lend you an Allusion fitter,
 Tho' *flatt'ring Knaves* may call it *bitter* :
 Which if you durst but give it place,
 Would shew you many a *Statesman's* Face,
 Fresh from the *Tripod of Apollo*,
 I had it in the Words that follow.
 (Take Notice, to avoid Offence
 I here except *His Excellence*.)
 So, to effect his *M——b's* Ends,
 From *Hell* a *V——* DE V'L ascends,
 His *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm'd,
 The Contributions of the *damn'd*;
 Which, with unsparing Hand, he strows
 Thro' *Courts*, and *Senates*, as he goes;
 And then at *Beelzebub's Black-Hall*,
 Complains, his *Budget* was too small.

Your *Simile* may better shine
 In Verse; but there is *Truth* in mine.
 For, no imaginable Things
 Can differ more than GOD and——
 And *Statesmen* by ten thousand odds
 Are ANGELS, just as——are GODS.

A N
 E P I S T L E

To His Excellency
 JOHN, Ld. CARTERET, &c.

*Credis ob hoc, me Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
 Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat.*
 Mart. Epig. Lib. 9.

THOU wife, and learned Ruler of our Isle,
 Whose Guardian-Care can all her Grievs beguile,
 When next your *generous Soul* shall condescend
 T' *instruct* or *entertain* your humble Friend,
 Whe-

Whether retiring from your weighty Charge,
 On some *high Theme* you learnedly enlarge;
 Of all the Ways of Wisdom reason well,
 How *Richlieu* rose, and how *Sejanus* fell:
 Or when your Brow less thoughtfully unbends,
 Circled with *Swift*, and some *delighted* Friends,
 When mixing *Mirth* and *Wisdom* with your Wine,
 Like that your *Wit* shall flow, your *Genius* shine;
 Nor with less Praise the *Conversation* guide,
 Than in the *Publick Councils* you decide:
 Or when the *Dean*, long privileg'd to rail,
 Asserts his *Friend* with more *impetuous Zeal*;
 You hear, (whilst I sit by *abash'd* and *mute*)
 With soft Concessions short'ning the Dispute;
 Then close with kind Enquiries of my State: (late?
 ' How are your *Tythes*? And have they rose of
 ' Why, *Christ-Church* is a pretty Situation;
 ' There are not many better in the Nation!
 ' This, with your *other Things*, must yield you clear
 ' Some *six*, — at least *five hundred Pounds* a
 ' Year.

Sup-

Suppose at such a Time, I took the Freedom
 To speak these Truths, as plainly as you read 'em,
 You shall *rejoin*, my Lord, when I've *reply'd*,
 And, if you please, my *Lady* shall decide.)

My Lord, I'm satisfy'd you *meant* me well,
 And that I'm *thankful*, all the World can tell;
 But you'll forgive me, if I own th' Event
 Is short, is *very short* of your *Intent*;
 At least I feel some Ills, unfelt before,
 My *Income* less, and my *Expences* more.

' How, Doctor! *double* Vicar! *double* Rector!
 A *Dignitary*! with a *City-Lecture* —
 What *Glebes*! what *Dues*! what *Tythes*! what
 ' *Fines*! what *Rent*!

Why, Doctor — will you never be content?
 Would my good Lord but cast up the Account,
 And see to what my Revenues amount,
 My *Titles* ample! but my *Gains* so small,
 That one *good Vicarage* is worth 'em all —

And very wretched, sure, is he, that's double
In nothing, but his *Titles*, and his *Trouble*.

Add to this *crying Grievance*, if you please,
My Horses founder'd on *Fermanagh-Ways*;
Ways of *well-polish'd* and *well-pointed* Stone,
Where every *Step* endangers every *Bone*;
And, more to raise your *Pity*, and your *Wonder*,
Two Churches, twelve *Hibernian* Miles asunder!
With complicated *Cures* I labour hard in;
Besides *whole Summers* absent from my *Garden*!
But that the World would think I play'd the Fool,
I'd change with *Charly Gratton* for his *School*—
What fine *Cascades*, what *Visto's* might I make,
Fix'd in the Centre of th' *Iernian* Lake!
There might I sail delighted, smooth, and safe,
Beneath the Conduct of my good * Sir *Ralph*:
There's not a *better Steerer* in the Realm,
I hope, my Lord, you'll call him to the *Helm*.

Doctor,

* *The Rt. hon. Sir Ralph Gore, who has a Villa in the Lake of Enniskillen.*

' Doctor, a glorious Scheme to ease your Grief!
 ' When *Cures* are crofs, a *School's* a sure Relief.
 ' You cannot fail of being happy there,
 ' The *Lake* will be the *Lethe* of your Care:
 ' The Scheme is for your *Honour* and your *Ease*!
 ' And, Doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
 ' Mean while, allowing Things below your Merit,
 ' Yet, Doctor, you've a *Philosophick Spirit*:
 ' Your *Wants* are few, and, like your *Income*,
 ' *small*,
 ' And you've *enough* to gratify them all:
 ' You've *Trees*, and *Fruits*, and *Roots* enough in
 ' store,
 ' And what would a *Philosopher* have more?
 ' You cannot wish for *Coaches*, *Kitchens*, *Cooks*,
 —My Lord, I've not enough to buy me *Books*.
 Or pray, suppose my *Wants* were all supply'd,
 Are there no *Wants* I should regard beside?
 Whose Breast is so *unman'd*, as not to grieve,
 Compass'd with *Miseries* he *can't* relieve?

Who can be *happy*——who would wish to *live*,
And want the *Godlike Happiness*, TO GIVE?

(That I'm a *Judge* of this you must allow,
I had it *once* —— and am debarr'd it *now*.)

Ask your own Heart, my Lord, if this be true;
Then how *unblest'd* am I! how *blest'd* are You!

'Tis true — but, Doctor, let us wave all that —
' Say, if you had your Wish, what you'd be at?'
Excuse me, good my Lord —— I won't be *sounded*,
Nor shall your *Favour* by my *Wants* be *bounded*;
My Lord, I challenge nothing as my *Due*,
Nor is it fit I should prescribe to You.

Yet this might * *Symmachus* himself avow,
(Whose *rigid Rules* are *antiquated* now)

' My Lord, I'd wish —— *to pay the Debts I owe*,

' I'd wish besides —— *to build*, and *to bestow*,

* *Symmachus*, Bishop of Rome, A. D. 499. made a Decree
That no Man should solicit for Ecclesiastical Preferment, before the
Death of the Incumbent.

An EPISTLE *on an* EPISTLE:

—Palatinæ Cultor fecunde Minervæ,
Ingenio fruëris qui proprio Deï.
Nam tibi nascentes DOMINI cognoscere Curas,
Et secreta DUCIS Pectora nosse licet.

Mart. Lib. 5. Ep. 5.



AS *Jove* will not attend on less,
When Things of more Importance press,
You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low *Hibernian* Bard,
Shou'd cool your Heels a while, and wait
Unanswer'd at your *Patron's* Gate ;
And wou'd my Lord vouchsafe to grant,
This one, poor, humble Boon I want,
Free Leave to play his *Secretary*,
As *Falstaff* acted old King *Harry* ,
I'd tell of yours in Rhime and Print:
Folks shrug, and cry, There's nothing in't,
And after several Readings over,
It shines most in the Marble-Cover,
How cou'd so fine a Taste dispense,
With mean Degrees of Wit and Sense?

Nor

Nor will my Lord so far beguile,
 The *Wise* and *Learned* of our *Isle*;
 To make it pass upon the Nation,
 By Dint of his sole Approbation.
 The Task is arduous, Patrons find,
 To warp the Sense of all Mankind:
 Who think your Muse must first aspire;
 E're he advance the Doctor higher.

You've Cause to say he *meant you well*:
 That you are *thankful*, who *can tell*?
 For still you're short (which grieves your Spirit)
 Of his Intent, you mean, your Merit.

Ah! *Quanto rectius, Tu Adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?

* *Smedley*, thou *Jonathan* of *Clogher*,
 ' When thou thy humble Lays do'st offer
 ' To *Gr—f—n's* Grace, with grateful Heart;
 ' Thy Thanks and Verse, devoid of Art;
 ' Content with what his Bounty gave,
 ' No larger Income do'st thou crave.

But you must have Cascades, and all
Ierna's Lake, for your Canal;

¶ Vide *Smedley's* Petition to his Grace the D—ke of *G—f—n*, 1724.

Your

Your Viftos, Barges, and (A Pox on
 All Pride) our *Speaker* for your Coxon:
 It's Pity that he can't beftow you
 Twelve Commoners in Caps to row you.
 Thus *Edgar* proud, in Days of Yore,
 Held Monarchs labouring at the Oar;
 And as he pafs'd, fo fwelld the *Dee*
 Enrag'd, as *Ern* would do at thee.

How different is this from *Smedley*?
 (His Name is up, he may in Bed lie)
 ' Who only asks fome pretty Cure
 ' In wholefome Soil and Æther pure;
 ' The Garden ftor'd with artlefs Flowers,
 ' In either Angle shady Bowers:
 ' No gay Parterre with coftly Green
 ' Muft in the ambient Hedge be feen;
 ' But Nature freely takes her Courfe,
 ' Nor fears from him ungrateful Force:
 ' No Sheers to check her fprouting Vigour,
 ' Or fhape the *Yeus* to Attick Figure.

But you forfooth, your *All* muft fquander
 On that poor Spot, call'd *Del-Ville*, yonder:

And when you've been at vast Expences
 In Whims, Parterres, Canals and Fences :
 Your Affets fail, and Cash is wanting
 For farther Buildings, farther Planting.
 No Wonder when you raise and level,
 Think this Wall low, and that Wall bevel;
 Here a convenient Box you found,
 Which you demolish'd to the Ground;
 Then built, then took up with your Arbour,
 And let the House to R—p—t B—b—r:
 You sprung an Arch, which in a scurvy
 Humour you tumbled Topfy Turvy.
 You change a Circle to a Square,
 Then to a Circle, as you were;
 Who can imagine whence the Fund is,
 That you *Quadrata* change *Rotundis*?

To *Fame* a Temple you erect,
 A *Flora* does the Dome protect;
 Mounts, Walls, on high; and in a Hollow
 You place the *Muses* and *Apollo*;
 There shining 'midst his Train, to grace
 Your whimsical, poetick Place.

These Stories were, of old, design'd
 As Fables; but you have refin'd
 The Poets Mythologick Dreams
 To real Muses, Gods and Streams.
 Who wou'd not swear, when you contrive thus,
 That you're *Don Quixote redivivus*?

Beneath a dry Canal there lies,
 Which only *Winter's* Rain supplies.
 Oh! could'st thou, by some magick Spell,
 Hither convey *St. Patrick's Well*;
 Here may it reassume its Stream,
 And take a greater *Patrick's* Name.

If your Expences rise so high,
 What Income can your Wants supply?
 Yet still you fancy you inherit
 A Fund of such superior Merit,
 That you can't fail of more Provision,
 All by my *Lady's* kind Decision.
 For the more Livings you can fish up,
 You think you'll sooner be a Bishop:
 That cou'd not be *my Lord's* Intent,
 Nor can it answer in the Event.

Most

Most think what has been heap'd on you,
 To other sort of Folk was due:
 Rewards too great for your Flim-Flams,
Epistles, Riddles, Epigrams.

Tho' now your Depth must not be founded,
 The Time was, when you'd have compounded
 For less than *Charly Grattan's* School:
Five Hundred Pound a Year's no Fool.

Take this Advice then from your Friend,
 To your Ambition put an End.
 Be frugal, *Patt*: pay what you owe,
 Before you *build* and you *bestow*.
 Be modest; nor address your Betters
 With writing vain familiar Letters.

* A Passage may be found, I've heard,
 In some old *Greek* or *Latin* Bard,
 Which says, Wou'd Crows in Silence eat
 Their Offals, or their better Meat,
 Their generous Feeders not provoking,
 By loud and unharmonious Croaking,
 They might, unhurt by Envy's Claws,
 Live on, and stuff, to boot, their Maws.

* Vide *Hor. Lib. 1. Ep. 17.*

F I N I S.

